McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXVI | SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1889. | NUMBER 21

The McKean County Miner.

I. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible] and Bradford Branch leaves at [illegible] p. m., and leaves at [illegible] p. m.

A. R. R. arrives at 10 a. m. Closes at 6 o'clk. m. and 3:30

[illegible] Mail leaves at 8:15 p. m. [illegible] p. m. [illegible] every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:30 p. m. and departs at 1:30 p. m.

[illegible] mails before leaving time. [illegible] will be issued for letters [illegible] on Sunday for delivery of mail [illegible] p. m.

CLARK WILSON, P. M.

[illegible] Lodge [illegible]

F. & A. M.

[illegible] No. 301, F. & A. M., meets [illegible] and Fourth Wednesday of each [illegible] in the Masonic Hall.

F. R. FOSTER, W. M.

[illegible]

A. O. U. W.

[illegible] Lodge, No. 181, meets every [illegible] and Thursday evening of each [illegible] in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Bucklen Block.

WESLEY GIBSON, M. W.

[illegible] GORDON, Recorder.

[illegible]

E. A. U.

[illegible] first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

[illegible] ROGERS, President.

[illegible] KNOX, Secretary.

[illegible]

G. A. R.

[illegible] A. R. meets every Thursday evening at [illegible] o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, [illegible] Allegheny.

H. W. KNAPP, Com.

[illegible]

W. C. T. U.

[illegible] Temperance Union meets every alternate Sunday afternoon, at [illegible] o'clock, in the Presbyterian [illegible]

MRS. A. S. ELLIS, Pres't.

MRS. H. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

[illegible]

K. of G. E.

[illegible] Knights of St. Martin and the Iron Cross.

[illegible] meets in Bucklen Hall on first and third [illegible] in the month, at 7 p. m.

DOMINIC M. ARRIGO, S. K. C.

[illegible] GALLAGHER, Scribe.

[illegible]

I. O. M. A.

[illegible] Smethport Encampment, No. 272, I. O. O. F.

[illegible] the first and third Wednesdays in [illegible] by Ira Kellogg.

[illegible] Montgomery, Chief Patriarch.

[illegible] Scribe.

Churches.

[illegible] REV. W. H. CHANDLER, pastor. Preaching [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school [illegible] Sunday morning services. Prayer meeting [illegible] evenings at 7. Covenant meeting [illegible] before the first Sunday in every month. [illegible] Kellogg performs at 7 o'clock [illegible] Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7

[illegible] REV. W. H. WILLIAMS, pastor. Services [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school [illegible] Morning services. Prayer meeting [illegible] evenings at 7. Covenant meeting [illegible] before the first Sunday in every [illegible] Supper every two months, all [illegible]

[illegible] REV. J. HERBERT MORRISON, Rector. [illegible] Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and Friday at [illegible] p. m., except on the first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at [illegible] p. m. [illegible] REV. J. HERBERT MORRISON, Rector. [illegible] Sunday at 7 p. m. [illegible] school meets [illegible] Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

[illegible] Catholic Church, REV. J. GALLAGHER, pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. Services at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 1 p. m. Services on [illegible] Sunday School at Smethport and Clermont Sundays at [illegible]

[illegible] Church, REV. [illegible], pastor. Preaching [illegible] Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock, [illegible] preaching every Sunday evening at [illegible] o'clock, and [illegible] meeting every [illegible] evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at [illegible] o'clock.

[illegible] Church, REV. [illegible], pastor. Preaching [illegible] Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock, [illegible] meeting after service.

[illegible]

MASONS' SUPPLIES!

Fresh Lime, Plaster, Cement,

Hair, Tiles of all kinds, Fire and Brick kept constantly on hand and for sale by

A. REILLY,

SMETHPORT, PA.

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ALFRED STURDIVENT

[illegible] announces to his patrons [illegible] generally that he has moved his [illegible] recently furnished and com- [illegible] A Mc Kee Young building next door [illegible] store, Main street, where he [illegible] to

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

[illegible] the latest styles of the art. None but [illegible] workmen employed.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

P. D. HOPKINS

[illegible] to C. [illegible] Douglass,

Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,

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Dealer in

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

[illegible] prepared to sell very cheap for cash.

W. T. CALLAR,

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DEALER IN—

Drugs and Medicines,

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Stationery, Toilet Articles, Etc.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

[illegible] DRUG STORE,

[illegible] SMETHPORT, PA

T. H. PURTLE,

General Blacksmithing,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON WORKS,

[illegible] SMETHPORT, PA.

[illegible] promptly done. [illegible] workmen. I am able [illegible] work at moderate

Horseshoeing -:- A -:- Specialty

[illegible] celebrated Hoof Ex- [illegible] the contracted foot. A [illegible] for any case of corn [illegible] cured by the use of this [illegible]

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

JOHN N. APPLE, Notary Public. J. W. BOUTON.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, office on first floor of Henry Hamlin's Bank Building, Main St., Smethport, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Examination and abstracts of land titles, Orphans' Court practice, and collections specialties.

R. B. STONE, W. A. BROWN, O. A. STURGEON Bradford, Warren and Smethport.

Stone, Brown & Sturgeon.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Offices: Pompelon Hall, Bradford, Pa.

Glenn A. Merrey,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms Gaul and Merrey & Melvin Block, Bradford Pa.

SIMON P. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST

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LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Offices of the late firm of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over H. Hamlin's Banking office, Smethport, Pa.

Edwin Gordon.

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Backus Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

E. H. Sizemore,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Chamberlin House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

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J. M. Wallace,

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P. M. Collier.

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H. L. Wells, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office at the Drug Store of H. C. Wells, Smethport, Pa.

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S. B. Brownell,

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Dr. Bishop Chadwick,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Prompt attention given to calls night or day. Office: Corner of East of West Custer's drug store, Smethport.

C. M. COLEGROVE,

County and Practical Surveyor!

Smethport, Penn'a.

July 21, 87-tf.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE

Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a, B. F. Wright, Proprietor.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Grand Central Hotel,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa. F. N. Taylor, Proprietor.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COLEMAN HOUSE,

ELDRED, PA.,

Opposite the B. R. & P. Railroad Depot.

On the European Plan.

Newly refitted and refurnished. First-class Restaurant in connection with the House. Rates reasonable.

D. C. COLEMAN, Prop'r.

BUCKTAIL HOTEL

Kane, Pa. R. E. Looker, Proprietor.

Remodeled and refurnished, and one of the best hotels in McKean County.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,

TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,

KANE, - - PA

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. Every [illegible] is commended to the [illegible] ing public.

JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

A. M. RAY,

TONSORIAL ARTIST.

Special attention is given to cutting ladies' bangs in all the leading styles. Ladies can feel perfectly safe in calling at my shop, as the strictest order is maintained.

Hair Tonic and Dandruff Cures for sale.

Shop three doors east of Chamberlin House, Smethport, Pa. [illegible]

MASONIC HALL FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity anything connected with

FURNITURE!

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

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Friends and patrons are invited to

CALL AND SEE US

at our location, and

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SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St. Smethport, Pa.

A GIRL'S MISTAKE

By MRS. G. EGG-WITHER.

"I wish I could bear your trouble for you, child."

"No, dear," she answered with more energy; "it is time I learned to bear some of life's troubles for myself. I have been so guarded and cherished that I have become wicked and heartless in my selfishness."

"Nay, nay, love! You judge yourself too severely."

When she was alone with trembling hand she broke open her husband's letter. It seemed like a message from the dead. It was dated July 20, 18—:

"MY OWN DEAR CARMEN:

"I am longing for your next dear letter. The mail is due in about a week, though I know I must not expect to hear quite so frequently now that you have left school. How beautiful your new home must be! I can see your dear little boudoir, your flowers in the balcony, even the canary, Dick. You are just fitted for such surroundings, and it makes me all the more eager to strain every nerve to make our fortune. But do not, I beseech you, forget me in your gay, bright life.

"The risk is very terrible. But oh! when I succeed, how great the reward!

"I have made arrangements for selling my share of the Station at a good profit and pushing up country. I really am waiting, with what patience I can command, for your letter. I feel sure there is one for me.

"Tell me everything, sweet wife. You can hardly understand what your letters are to me out here—drops of precious water in the desert, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. I long with a hungry longing to see you, to touch you.

"Lately I have taken reproaching myself sternly for something in connection with our marriage which I thought little enough of at the time. You are perfectly blameless, my darling; always remember that. I persuaded you. If I can excuse myself at all, my great love for you must plead for me. And this love is my hope, my life. It is indeed

> True love, the gift which God has given
> To man alone beneath the heaven;
> It is not fantasy,
> The silver link, the silver tie,
> Which heart to heart and mind to mind,
> In body and in soul can bind.

I know, dear, you do not care for poetry, forgive my quotation. My heart is so full of you that out of that fullness the mouth speaketh; or, perhaps, I should say my pen for me.

"But I believe I am gloomy, out of sorts. I am going on a short shooting expedition, with a rough but kind, honest friend of mine, yclept Bill Walsh; but I shall return in time for my precious letter. God leave you in His keeping.

"Most dearly loved Carmen,

"Your loving husband,

"ALLEN FITZCLARE."

The tears streamed down her face unheeded as she read through this letter, so touching in its pathetic love. Then her thoughts went back to their last meeting in the old pine wood. She felt his tender clasp, his kisses on her face, and sat in memory the brilliant sunset that illuminated his beautiful face like an inspiration. And now—he was dead, past all reparation!

"Oh, Allen, my poor boy! With your pure, white soul, if you can hear me from your home above, forgive me! forgive me!"

Then sadly her eyes fell on a parcel of letters. She turned them over. An exclamation of great thankfulness escaped from her lips. "Thank God! No, he never received my cruel letter."

It was unopened; just as she had sent it, the date outside, the name of the steamer. It was the letter he had been longing for. It was indeed a balm to her crushed spirit to think that her husband in all his ardent manhood should have been spared this crushing blow of her indifference. The letter had been addressed by the clumsy though kindly hand of Allen's friend.

When her father, an hour later, knocked at the door, he found her suffering, yes, but chastened and peaceful.

"Papa, I should like you to read my poor Allen's last letter. And I wish what money there is in the Australian bank to be given to the man Walsh, and I shall have a marble cross erected over poor Allen Fitzclare's grave," said Carmen, with tears in her voice.

"I will see to it all, dear." Her father then read the letter.

"Poor fellow. Ah, Carmen! he loved you, there can be no doubt of that."

"I loved he did, but I was not worthy of it."

"And now, my daughter, we know the worst. The dreadful uncertainty is over. Let us try to banish this unhappy past. You sinned in childish ignorance, and the poor lad who is dead was not blameless, indeed he admits it. You both sinned into a dilemma more than serious, and it has brought the reverse of happiness. Now, dear, begin over again. Try and be happy for my sake."

"Ah, dad, dear, where shall I find another so good or so patient as you?"

"Does not Shakespeare say, 'Let me but hear your love, I'll hear your cares.' Now, dear, to dinner. We will not keep kind Cousin Adela's good fare waiting."

That night, before Col. Massingbird retired to rest, he wrote a long, exhaustive letter to his kind friend, Marcia Estcourt. He told her everything relating to the sufferings of his daughter, her repentance, their wanderings in Spain, the sad episode in Australia, and all the details. Sir Geoffry, he knew, was absent from Estcourt, but Col. Massingbird craftily left the affair in Marcia's hands. He knew Geoffry would either hear of the letter or see it. And the father's thought was, could he but restore the bloom to his daughter's cheek and the light to her eye, he would not be too particular as to ways and means of accomplishment.

VIII.

Goodwood was over, and with it the London season. It had passed unnoticed, uncared for even by the inmates of The Myrtles, Col. Massingbird had long since ceased to represent the loyal city of Branksthurst in parliament. The care and happiness of his daughter was the one object in life now.

There is a strange, peaceful quiet that comes to us when we once realize we are living outside instead of inside the busy world. We seem so far off the turmoil and excitement; little details of daily life, trivial at other times, now become interesting. Our favorite author, the music we love, the friendliness of the few chosen ones make up the sum of a tranquil happiness. And Carmen was feeling this.

Her fierce, wild love for Geoffry Estcourt had left her, but in its stead was a quiet and cherished memory that would never die. She devoted much of her time to her father, and gladdened Cousin Adela's heart by the interest she displayed in the garden, and the little conservatory was her especial care.

Again it was sunny August, and Carmen, seated in her chaise longue within her myrtle bower, where the tea roses mingled in delicious profusion with the graceful leaves of the shrub, and many dark shiny leaves of feminine occupation litter details of business, showed that she spent much of her time there. Dick, the canary, from a tiny table which just held his cage, was piping forth lustily; old Don lay stretched across the threshold. A delightful sea breeze came in and coquetted with her hair, the scene beyond charming and refreshing to the senses, by reason of the living, sparkling sea.

And Carmen now thoroughly appreciated it all, though she was quite unconscious of the sweet center she herself made in her soft white gown. And if her dark eyes sometimes wore a look as if they had missed something in life, they always had a ray of sunshine for the beloved father and a warm caress for Cousin Adela. It was 4 o'clock, just a little too early for afternoon tea, and it was warm, in spite of the sea breeze. Carmen gave herself over to the delicious idleness of the hour; with one round arm under her brown head, and gently rocking herself to and fro, softly, dreamily, closed her eyes, and then everything was still; even Dick followed his mistress' example.

* * * * * * *

Footsteps came softly up the gravel pathway. Don slowly shook himself, and went out to reconnoiter; apparently he was satisfied. Very gently a shadow fell across the entrance, and then it took shape and looked with hungry, eager eyes and took in the whole scene. It was a perfect picture—the graceful sleeping form, the climbing, sweet scented roses, the dainty needlework, the half finished sketch of the view beyond, the silent canary, the intense repose impressed the looker on.

Carmen gave herself over to the delicious idleness of the hour.

At last, some electric sympathy must have passed from the intruder to the sleeper, for gradually the dark eyelashes unclosed, and the eyes shone out clear and starry.

"Sir Geoffry! Or am I still dreaming?"

"It is I, Carmen, humbly beseeching your forgiveness."

"Nay, not my forgiveness."

"Yes, your forgiveness, for my brutal behavior on that terrible day, more than two years ago. But if you only knew what I have suffered, you would at least pity me."

Then she stood up and confronted him with her sweet gentle face.

"I was so greatly to blame, so wicked; I have realized it since, but I sinned in ignorance."

"Carmen! Have you no word for me? Are these two years of misery to count for nothing?"

But she answered him not, and her eyes were cast down.

"Carmen, you did love me once?" he asked with passionate anxiety, as he gazed at the lovely downcast form.

"Yes, I did love you once."

"Carmen, Carmen, is that all that you can say?" and he seized her hands and made her look up, and in the limpid depths of her eyes he read that the love was still loved. In a moment his arms clasped her, and there was no more fear, no more estrangement; tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner!

The band of the —th struck up an old English air, "Haste to the Wedding." The breeze brought it to the myrtle bower with great distinctness.

"Love, do you hear those strains?"

"The band, you mean? Yes."

"They are playing 'Haste to the Wedding.' They have done it on purpose, and what day is ours to be?"

"Oh, Geoffry, time enough for that by and by."

"Pardon me, my liege lady; I wish to be back at Estcourt place for the shooting; your father is coming, and Lady Estcourt must be there to receive her guests in person."

"This is August now," said Carmen with a very rosy flush on her face.

"Exactly."

"But I have nothing to be married in, no trousseau, or anything."

"Be married in the gown you have on. Can anything look more pure or sweet? Do, dear! We can supplement everything in Paris or London; only let us be married, that is the main thing."

"But dear old dad. What will he say?"

"He said, 'Go in and win, Geoff.'"

However, we must conclude he got his own way, for a society paper stated that "a marriage had been solemnized between Sir Geoffry Estcourt, of Estcourt Place, and the only daughter and heiress of Col. Massingbird, C. B., late M. P., etc." (within the specified month of August).

Again September has come round, so fresh and fragrant that it brings a delicate tinge of color to Miss Estcourt's face as she stands on the threshold of the hall door, looking down the shady avenue of entely lime trees.

"Herbert!"

"Here, Marcia!"

"There is the train, it is five miles off, it is just entering Thurston tunnel, now it has disappeared. It is time for you to start. The carriage has already gone."

"Then I will go at once." And as he spoke his horse was brought round. Waving his hat gayly to Marcia he disappeared down the avenue. She watched him with gentle eyes, and then turned to see that every detail was perfect for her brother and his bride's home coming.

She was very satisfied, for Geoffry was at last—after long probation—completely happy. The shadow uplifted, the wanderings over, he had reached the haven where he would be.

The Dower house had been made completely comfortable; it had been prettily refurnished under Marcia's own superintendence. It was such a little way, too, from the Dene, through the Estcourt grounds. Was there not a little pathway that brought one straight into the Dene garden, shady, mossy, a lovers' walk? And no doubt it had been used for that purpose, many a time and oft.

"Come down to the Lady's Glen, Carmen, that I may realize my happiness, and feel how much I owe to your forgiveness."

"Hardly required, Geoff, since all my happiness is centered in you, and indeed

> "Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss,
> Since every other joy, how dear soever,
> Gives way to that."

"Well, dear, give way as much as you like, as far as I am concerned. I put no limit to it."

"Geoffry, darling, can you believe it is two years, nearly three, since you and I met, met here—and"——

"And had our misunderstanding? Yes," said he, comfortably seating himself on the lovers' seat and drawing his wife beside him.

"Ah, Geoffry, how well I remember this glen! Just such weather, the brook rumbling and tossing, the trees whispering, the birds flitting in and out. Then, then I was heartbroken. Now, I am so happy I hardly know how to bear it." And her eyes had a limpid look as she turned them on her husband. "Do you remember what the Prince and Elsie say when they stand on the terrace after their marriage?

> "In life's delight, in death's dismay,
> In storm and sunshine, night and day,
> In health and sickness, in decay,
> Here and hereafter, I am thine."

Sir Geoffry took his wife's hand in his own and tenderly kissed it. And slowly, with their great happiness, they returned to the house.

Miss Estcourt is very happy at the Dene. Time goes on; a little babe is carried from the Place to the Dene.

The colonel and Marcia make an immense fuss over the young heir; and as much time as Col. Massingbird can spare from his parliamentary life at St. Stephen's (for he is again representing his county) is devoted to Sir Geoffry and Lady Estcourt.

Cousin Adela has a comfortable little cottage near Plymouth, an income large enough for her modest requirements, Dick the canary and a beautiful, sleek, well fed cat. She asks for nothing better in life. She is one of those rare specimens—a contented woman. But then she has never been in love, and never been in debt.

THE END.

THE LATE LEONARD SWETT.

A Brilliant Lawyer Who Was a Friend of Lincoln.

Leonard Swett, the eloquent lawyer, recently deceased, was not a very old man, and yet he had to a certain extent outlived his fame, which was at its maximum some twenty-five years ago. Alexander Hamilton once said, with something like a sigh, that no fame was so evanescent as that of a great jury lawyer, and though Mr Swett was undoubtedly the most successful jury lawyer of this era, his fame as far as it is lasting will rest upon his early and efficient support of Abraham Lincoln and his splendid services in delicate management during the war. He made the speech in convention putting Abraham Lincoln in nomination, and twenty-eight years later in the same city did the same service for Judge Walter Q. Gresham.

In the anti-slavery contest he was a great power in Illinois, his speeches from 1852 to 1855 being very numerous and wonderfully effective. In 1858 he was elected to the legislature by a majority greater than that of the regular Republican ticket, this being the only office he ever held. He then engaged earnestly in the work of securing the nomination of Lincoln—writing to public men and organizing other workers. If it can be said of any one man it must be said that Leonard Swett made Abraham Lincoln president. He declined to take office under the administration, though the Peruvian mission and other places of honor were offered him, but he remained in Washington through most of the war, was frequently consulted and employed in delicate and confidential missions. He went to Missouri with discretionary powers to remove Gen. Fremont and reorganize the department, and did the work with rare skill as a diplomacy. At the close of the war he located in Chicago, where he became the successful lawyer, taking comparatively little share in politics.

LEONARD SWETT.

Leonard Swett was born Aug. 11, 1825, on a farm in Oxford county, Me., worked hard in youth and gained a tolerably liberal education by study in the winters. Emigrating to the west at majority, he enlisted as a private for the Mexican war and returned an invalid, unable to get any further than Illinois. This fixed his residence at Bloomington, in that state, where he entered on the practice of law on the same circuit with Abraham Lincoln, Stephen T. Logan, U. F. Linder, Edward D. Baker and others who have made that circuit immortal. Judge David Davis [illegible] In 1856 he married Miss Laura R. Quigg, and they had one child, Leonard Herbert Swett, now about 30 years old. She died early in 1886, and the next year he married Miss Marie Decker, who had been his clerk in the law office for several years—a marriage which excited much Chicago comment at the time.

Mr Swett's experience at the bar was remarkable. He defended twenty-nine men accused of murder and secured the acquittal of all but one, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, but afterwards pardoned. He then took charge of the Anarchists' cause after they had been removed to the supreme court, but was defeated. In civil cases he was scarcely less successful. His untiring industry in preparing his cases and his power before a jury brought this success. In person he was imposing—six feet two inches in height and weighing, when in health, 225 to 250 pounds. His wife, son, brother and three sisters are the only near relatives who survive him.

Uses of Electricity.

It doesn't seem possible that pa would do such a thing, but The Belfast Age says he did. According to that paper a Belfast man has a small electric battery which he put to a novel use. His wife occasionally makes him stay at home to take care of the children. He was left the other day, and wanted to go across the street badly, but the children were too young to be left alone. He finally set the battery going, then placing the handles in the children's hands started the current strong enough so they couldn't let go, and left them. They were there on his return. The beauty of this story probably is to the electrical current of imagination that runs through it.

As to Andy Johnson.

"You have spoken of Andrew Johnson. Do you remember the day he was inaugurated vice president?"

"I remember it very distinctly, and I'll tell you what I know about his alleged intoxication on that occasion. Hannibal Hamlin was retiring vice president, and I was in his room when Mr. Johnson arrived. Mr. Hamlin said to me: 'Isaac, Mr. Johnson has been riding all night on the cars, and is worn out. Run down to the hole in the wall and get him something good to drink.' I went down and got two bottles, one of whisky and the other of brandy. When I returned Mr. Johnson was just getting ready to go into the senate chamber. He poured out and drank a very small quantity of the brandy, and was then led into the chamber. So far as I could judge he was not the least intoxicated, and if he was under the influence of liquor he did not get the liquor in the Capitol. When I took the bottles back to the hole in the wall, the man in charge there looked at them and said: 'Why, Mr. Johnson has not touched the whisky, and has taken but a swallow of the brandy.' Yet it is true that in making his speech he mumbled a good deal, and repeated himself so much that the story was at once started that he was drunk. I think that when he stepped into the senate chamber, which was very warm, that little bit of brandy went to his head, and for a few minutes affected him very much."—Interview with Isaac Bassett.

No Man's Land.

No Man's Land consists of very high and moderately rolling prairie, cut by deep hollows, many of these traversed by clear streams. Along the latter the land is of unsurpassed fertility, and on the uplands the grazing is fine. If the usual rule holds good, settlement of the country, breaking up the land and planting trees will increase the amount of rain. At present not more than one season in two is wet enough to insure good crops, but they are remarkably good when they do come. Where irrigation can be practiced the crop is sure and the yield enormous. In due time the tract will be a fairly well settled farming region, and as it is too small for a state there may be a very pretty struggle between the adjacent states for its annexation.—Beadle.

If you want good mortar, use the Muskingum lime.

Between Four Walls.

By CURTIS YORKE.

It was snowing steadily—a small, fine, deliberate snow, which was swiftly filling up every little crack and crevice where a snow crystal could possibly lodge, and evidently meant business. For the matter of that, it had been snowing off and on, for the last three days, but these intermittent showers had now settled down into a blinding snow storm. There was nothing to be seen but snow—flouting, whirling, dancing, in mad, fiendish, fantastic glee, as though it never meant to leave off. It was a dreary prospect. So at least thought a young girl who was toiling through the wintry dusk—a tiny, elf like creature, with a small pale face, and brown curly hair blown about a pair of pathetic dark eyes, which looked as if they might not be very far from tears. For she was not only worn out and wet through, poor little soul, but she had lost her way. To be lost on Dartmoor in a snow storm is no joke, I can tell you; and, to make matters worse—if they could be made worse—it was now quite dark, and the wind was rising steadily. All at once the girl slipped—fell forward—a glimmer of light flashed before her eyes—and with a long, sobbing cry, she sank down, down, into a treacherous snow drift.

Not a hundred yards away two men were luxuriously enjoying their postprandial pipes in a small heavily raftered room, which looked like nothing except what it was, namely, the principal apartment in a tiny shooting box, intended, to all appearance, solely and entirely for the use of the sterner sex. A roaring fire blazed in the yawning grate, almost putting to shame the light of the lamp which stood on a small table near the hearth, in company with some dried fruits and a bottle of Burgundy.

"By Jove! how cold it is," said the elder of the two men, as he threw an other piece of coal on the fire.

"Cold! it's the very deuce," shivered his companion. "Wonder if it still snows?" he went on, rising and sauntering towards the yet unshuttered window as he spoke.

He was a tall, fair, good looking fellow of perhaps 30, with dark blue, rather passionate, eyes and sunny hair.

"Worse than ever!" he muttered. "I say, Lance, this looks cheerful. Old Wellings will be snowed up on the road if he doesn't mind," he added. "He ought to be back by this time."

"Horrible contingency," murmured the individual addressed as Lance with a lazy smile, as he filled his pipe anew. "If he doesn't get back, we are in for the pleasing exercise of cooking our own dinners, making our own beds, and 'doing' for ourselves generally, for an indefinite time. For I venture to predict that we too are safe to be snowed up before the morning." He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and closed his gray eyes sleepily, as though the prospect didn't disturb him very much.

He was not a handsome fellow, Lancelot Darrell, but he had a kind, strong, refined face which somehow invariably impelled those about him to trust him implicitly. This was mainly due, I think, to a certain indefinable something about either his eyes or his mouth, I am not sure which—or perhaps both.

All at once he sat up and said hastily: "I say, Carruthers, did you hear a [illegible] like a child's [illegible]"

"No; can't say I did," returned the other. Then, after listening for a moment or two, he added, "I hear the wind, but nothing else."

Darrell rose and came over to the window. As he stood, it was noticeable that he was scarcely so tall as his companion; he was better built, though, and his general physique was more powerful. He threw up the sash, and vainly tried to pierce the gathering darkness beyond. All was silent outside, save for the fitful moan of the fast rising wind, and the soft intermittent sweep of the snow against the window panes. Suddenly, almost close at hand it seemed, there came a faint, but certain little cry. Both men started, and Darrell went out into the tiny square hall and opened the outer door.

"Is any one there?" he called out in his clear, pleasant voice.

"Oh, come quick, please," was the answer in sobbing, childish tones.

"A child, by Jove!" he muttered, plunging out into the snowy darkness.

A moment or two later he shouted:

"Show a light here, Gilbert, will you?"

Carruthers did as he was desired, and stood in the doorway holding the lamp aloft in amazement.

"What the 'devil is it?" he exclaimed, as Darrell, carrying a drenched dark bundle in his arms, hurried past him into the house.

"What is it?" Carruthers repeated, following the other into the sitting room, and setting down the lamp in a bewildered kind of way.

"Get the brandy, there's a good fellow," was the only reply, as Darrell placed the bundle gently on the sofa and knelt down beside it.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Gilbert under his breath, as he got out the brandy, "here's a rum go, and no mistake!" For he had caught a brief glimpse of a pale, sweet little face, and long tangled hair. Was it a child—or a woman?

After some time—it seemed an abnormally long time to both men—the eyes opened, and their owner sat up, pushing back her hair nervously, and gazing in startled amazement at the two concerned masculine faces before her.

"How—how did I get here?" she faltered. "I remember nothing but snow and darkness, and that I felt myself falling—falling—then I heard a voice—I tried to call out"— She stopped, and put her little hands confusedly to her head. Then she added, turning her great dark eyes upon Darrell, "Did you—find me?"

"Yes," he answered, with a kind little smile. "You must have slipped down the bank at the end of the house. We heard you cry out, and I found you." He unfastened and removed her cloak and hat as she spoke, and hung them to the fire, while Gilbert wheeled forward a large easy chair, and stirred the coals into a fiercer blaze.

"Do you feel better now?" said the latter.

"I feel very cold," she answered in a weak little voice. And she shivered. "My clothes are so wet, you know," she added, looking up at him pathetically.

"By Jove, yes, of course, so they are!" he said in some perplexity. "You must have them dried in some way."

"Had I not better try to get home?" she went on helplessly. "I live near Tavistock. Am I far from there?"

"We are seven miles from Tavistock," said Darrell, who was pulling at his mustache in an absent way he had when disturbed or perplexed—and just now he was both.

The girl rose to her feet with a cry of dismay.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said in a terrified voice. "My aunt will be so dreadfully anxious. Oh, I must get back to-night."

"I fear it is impossible," said Carruthers gravely. "It is not only a fearful snow storm even for Dartmoor, but with this wind the snow will drift so abominably. It is drifting now."

"Was it not a little imprudent to venture so far from home in such threatening weather?" said Darrell, with a half reproving smile.

"I did not mean to go very far," she answered. "I had gone to see a poor woman who lives on the edge of the moor; but I stayed too late, and then the snow came on worse than ever. And then I lost my way. Oh, I must have walked for miles and miles," she sighed, "for I am so tired."

"Do you feel better now?"

"Poor little thing," said Darrell, with much the same compassionate tenderness he would have used to a child—and, indeed, the girl looked little more. "Your people will be terribly anxious about you, I'm afraid, but it is really utterly out of the question for you to get to Tavistock to-night."

"Do you mean that I must stay here?" she said, looking up at him with eyes in which there was more than a suspicion of tears.

"I'm afraid I do," he answered kindly. "And I am equally afraid that we can not make things as comfortable for you as we should like to do. The fact is, we are two helpless bachelors, with every prospect of being doubly helpless, for the old man who acts as our servant on the few occasions when we come down here went to Princetown this forenoon for supplies, and has evidently found the roads impassable, as he has not returned."

"Oh, what will Aunt Priscilla say?" she murmured in a nervous, faltering little voice. Then, after a pause, "I ought to tell you who I am, I suppose. My name is Leslie Heath. My aunt is Miss Carlyon. She has taken The Grange for three years."

"Carlyon," said Darrell quickly. "I know a man Carlyon in the —th lancers. He was junior major ten years ago."

"Ah, that must have been my uncle Jim," she said, flushing brightly. "He has been in India ever since I can remember."

"And is it possible that you are Jim Carlyon's niece?" he exclaimed, with a pleased light in his gray eyes. "Then we may almost claim acquaintance, Miss Heath, for he used to be a great chum of mine out in Simla."

The girl looked at him with a puzzled earnestness for a second or two. Then she said gravely:

"I think you must be Capt. Darrell, are you not?"

"Yes," he answered, looking surprised. "My name is Darrell—Lancelot Darrell. And this is my friend and alter ego, Gilbert Carruthers."

"I have so often heard Aunt Priscilla [illegible] she had bestowed a sweet little smile on Carruthers. "You once saved Uncle Jim's life, did you not?" she added, with an awed inflection in her voice.

"Oh! no, hardly that," he answered hastily.

Here Carruthers, who had been feeling rather out of it, observed very sensibly that if Miss Heath sat much longer in her wet clothes she would most certainly catch cold.

"But what am I to do?" she said piteously.

Darrell pulled his mustache again with a perplexed air.

"You see—er—that is—well, as this is a bachelor establishment," began Carruthers, not very lucidly, "you know, of course, we—er"— Then he stopped and stirred the fire violently, being, in fact, not very sure what he intended to say.

There was a moment's pause, and then Miss Heath, being divided between a sense of the ludicrousness of her situation and the consciousness that she was feeling miserably cold and painfully embarrassed, suddenly, and to the utter consternation of her companions, burst into a storm of hysterical sobs. She looked so small, so childish, so forlorn and yet so lovable, as she sat there in her dripping garments, that the hearts of both men went out to her with a curious protecting tenderness.

"Miss Heath!" exclaimed Carruthers, after a dismayed glance at Darrell. "Oh, by Jove! poor little thing."

Darrell poured out a little brandy, diluted it well and held it to her lips.

"Hush, hush," he whispered soothingly. "Drink this—it will do you good."

When he had set down the glass again he went out of the room, turning at the door to say abruptly:

"Carruthers—come here for a minute; I want you."

They turned into the little firelit kitchen, and stood for a few minutes staring at each other in silence. Then Carruthers laughed a little.

"What's to be done?" he said. "It's deuced awkward for the poor little thing—deuced awkward all round, in fact."

"It's more than awkward," returned Darrell seriously. "The poor child will catch her death of cold. She ought to have off these wet things and be got to bed at once. But then"— He stopped and frowned slightly.

"Well—er—there's my dressing gown, don't you know," hazarded Carruthers.

"For the matter of that, there's mine," was the rather curt reply. "And I'll tell you what, Gilbert, I can have a shake down with you for to-night, and Miss Heath can have my room. It's rather larger than yours. And we'll take some hot coals from here and make up a roaring fire."

"All right. Just light a candle, will you, while I look where that old idiot has put the shovel."

Meanwhile the poor little visitor was sitting disconsolately beside the sitting room fire.

"What horrible predicament have I got myself into?" she muttered hysterically. "I wish old Catty Lindon had been at the bottom of the sea before I went to see her today. Oh, what shall I do? I can't stay here all night with these two men. They must wish me far enough, I'm sure, though they try not to let me see it. I must get home to-night; and if I don't what shall I do for dry clothes?" And then for sheer weariness, and cold, and mortification, she began to sob again. Poor little woman! she was not quite eighteen, and very young at that.

Some ten minutes later the door opened, and Darrell came in alone.

"Now, Miss Heath," he said, seating himself beside her, and speaking very gently, but very firmly too, "we must have no more tears."

But she interrupted him.

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Obituary notices over three lines, ten cents per line. Notices of births, marriages, deaths, etc., inserted free.

Address all communications to

E. RUDGERS,
Smethport, Pa. Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., June 21, 1889

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION

A REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION will be held in the Court House in Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, June 29, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices, viz: One person for Assembly, one person for Treasurer, one person for Commissioner, one person for Auditor, one person for Coroner, and one person for Surveyor.

The several townships and boroughs are entitled to delegates in said convention as follows:

Annin	2
Bradford city, 1st ward	12
" 2d ward	12
" 3d ward	12
" 4th ward	12
" 5th ward	12
" 6th ward	12
" 7th ward	12
" 8th ward	12
" 9th ward	12
Bradford township	12
Corydon	2
Eldred	12
Eldred township	2
Foster township	2
Hamlin	2
Hamlin township	2
Keating	2
Kendall	2
Kendall borough	2
Lafayette	2
Liberty	2
Norwich	12
Otto township	2
Otto	2
Port Allegany	12
Sergeant	2
Smethport	12
Wetmore	2

The basis of representation is one delegate for each 25 votes cast for Governor in 1886, and one additional delegate for a majority fraction.

By order of the County Committee.

W. W. WATSON,
Chairman.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The subscriber will be a candidate for County Treasurer before the Republican County Convention, which will convene in Smethport on Tuesday, July 2 1889.

E. ROBERTSON.

Hon. Wm. L. Chandler was re-elected Lead week as a United States Senator from New Hampshire by the Republican majority in the legislature of that state. He is an able and conservative Republican and is a great credit to the people of the old Granite State.

According to Hon. George A. Jenks of Jefferson county, Pennsylvania, the state Senate, in justice, told him thirty years ago that Johnstown would be destroyed by the lake, a prediction based upon the fact that the Conemaugh valley at the rate of fifty feet to the mile.

The terrible conflagration which recently destroyed a large portion of Seattle, W. T., was not as disastrous, financially, as at first supposed. The loss will not exceed $5,000,000 instead of seventy millions as at first reported. The city will be rebuilt very much more substantially than before.

Alexander Sullivan, the brilliant lawyer, and Irish leader in this country, is placed pointedly on the defensive by the testimony before the Parnell commission. As the head of the society to which he belonged, and as a citizen he is seriously compromised, though perhaps not to the extent that it is claimed. If the mismanagement of large sums should prove to be the worst of his offences it will be fortunate and the cause he represented has suffered any irreparable injury.

Twenty minute hours of rain and the damage was complete. Clearfield had been transformed from a beautiful town, with beautiful houses, filled with all the heart could wish, with fine gardens and cosy bowers, but alas the change! A swift running current of water, two feet deep, coursing the entire town, for almost a day, was sufficient to lay all vegetation, and the damage to this one item alone can hardly be estimated. Water coursing through the main floor of houses, and within a few inches of flowing into the second stories, was not a rare occurrence. Friday, an unlucky day, lost none of its precedence in this place, though Saturday was in every way equal to a fair share of the spoils.

A special to the *Inquirer* from Washington says Chairman Andrews, of the state committee, was with Senator Quay Saturday conferring in regard to the state campaign. It was practically decided to call the convention about the latter part of August and then to make an active campaign to the end. There was some talk of a shorter campaign by fixing the date about the middle of September. Senator Quay is particularly anxious to make the contest of this fall except formally aggressive and decisive for next year. As it is the first expression of the people since the Presidential election he regards it as important to keep up the interest and of the Republican strength as an endorsement of the administration and to place the party in the state in line for more united action in political favors.

The Pittsburger has positively and finally refused to take any part in the factional quarrel of the republican party of Virginia. He has been visited recently by strong delegations from both sides as well as by a number of prominent individuals. To all he has given the same answer. As President of the United States, I do not feel authorized to interfere in political quarrels in any State. Wherever there is a divided party we only feeling is bad. Measures fraught with disgust and I must decline to accept any responsibility for the underings caused by lack of harmony." The President is generally commended for the position he has taken on this matter, although of course the Virginia people think it wrong. The President has also recommended as false the report that he has instructed Assistant Postmaster Clarkson to appoint no Virginia postmaster without the endorsement of Gen Mahone.

The abuse that certain papers of Pittsburg are heaping on Governor Beaver is without reason or common sense. First they abuse him for his bond scheme to take one million dollars out of the state treasury. And now that he has abandoned it and accepts a million dollars from the Philadelphia & Reading without interest, these papers abuse him for doing that, claiming that he should have done what they were abusing him for proposing to do. These abuse is so illogical that the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, the oldest Democratic paper in the state, after discussing the situation, refers to the article in these plain words:

"We find it quite odd to be on the outside when anyone is denouncing Governor Beaver, whom we have considered our special prey. But we consider that this time the governor has done quite a brilliant feat in getting a million dollars for the State without worrying either the constitution or the legislature, but only the Pittsburgers, whose disgraceful raids the suspicion that they had some axes to grind at a special session."—*Gazette and Bulletin.*

THE RESULT.

Tuesday's election resulted in the defeat of the prohibition amendment in this State by from 150,000 to 200,000 majority. It has been conceded for some time past, even by those most interested in the success of the amendment, that its defeat in the State was preferable but no one supposed that it would be buried by so overwhelming a vote. Philadelphia gave nearly a hundred thousand majority against it and Allegheny county about 25,000. The Pennsylvania Dutch counties recorded immense majorities against it. Berks county is reported to have given 20,000. Montgomery 7,000. Northampton 6,000, Lancaster 10,000, Dauphin 3,000, Lebanon 3,000 and so on. The counties in the northern and western counties and many in the central portion of the State gave majorities, and some of them large for the amendment.

The amendment providing for the repeal of the poll tax qualification is lost by about 150,000. The vote on the defeat of amendment in this county was 1137 for and 1655 against the repeal.

McKean county gave a majority of about 1150 for the amendment. Following is the vote in detail:

	For	Against
Annin township	37	17
Bradford city 1st ward	1st district	2d district
do	1st ward	1st district
do	2d ward	108
do	3d ward	120
do	4th ward	1
do	5th ward	1
do	6th ward	1
do	1st district	1
do	2d district	1
Bradford township	1st district	1
do	2d district	1
Corydon	1	1
Eldred	1	1
Eldred township	1	1
Foster township	1st district	1
do	2d district	1
Hamilton township	1st district	1
do	2d district	1
Hamlin	1	1
Kane borough	1	1
Keating township	1st district	1
do	2d district	1
Kendall borough	1st district	1
do	2d district	1
Lafayette township	1st district	1
do	2d district	1
Liberty	1	1
Norwich	1	1
Otto township	1st district	1
do	2d district	1
Port Allegany	1	1
Sergeant	1	1
Smethport	1	1
Wetmore	1	1

FLOODS IN OTHER LANDS

The flood of 1889 will pass into history as the most disastrous in the experience of our country. It may in the future be surpassed, but in loss of life and property devastated it is now without a parallel on this continent.

Enormous as the loss is in this instance, however, it is small compared with that in some of the Old World inundations. In 1530 the giving way of the dikes in Holland caused an overflow in which 400,000 persons lost their lives. Eighty seven years later, or in 1647, 50,000 persons perished in an inundation in Catalonia. In both of these the damage to property was correspondingly great.

Ten thousand victims were gathered in by a flood which swept across St. Louis in 1813 when a Turkish garrison of 2,000 soldiers also met an instantaneous death. The same year in Poland 3,000 lives were lost in the fury of an unexpected deluge. A disaster somewhat similar to that at Johnstown occurred in Loren, Spain, in 1802, but only 1,000 persons were drowned in the waters of a broken reservoir.

In the inundation at Dantzic in 1829 four thousand homes with their occupants were swept away by the waters. The following year at Vienna the dwellings of 50,000 residents were under water, but the loss of life was never accurately ascertained. In Canton, China, in 1853, 10,000 homes were swept away, but only about 1,000 persons perished.

The old authorities cite many instances of floods which occurred a thousand or more years ago, but these are some of the most memorable of modern times.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Major McKinley of Ohio, in his speech on memorial day at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, uttered the following sentiments which will resound through this land until they are obeyed from the lakes to the gulf:

"The settlements of War must stand as the inflexible decree of a Nation of Freemen. They must not be shorn of their force under any pretext whatever, but must be acquiesced in freely in every part of the Republic without reservation or voidance of evasion. It must not be equality and justice in the written law only. It must be equality and justice in the law's administration everywhere. Our black allies must everywhere be deserted nor forsaken. Every right secured them by the Constitution must be as surely given to them as though God had put upon their faces the color of Anglo-Saxon or their fingers that of the Fleur de lis. They fought for the Flag, on the sea and the Flag, with all it represents, and stands for must secure them equal and exact justice in peace. Against those who fought on the other side in that great conflict we have no resentment. For them we have no bitterness. We would impose upon them no indignity. They are our brothers. We would save them even from humiliation. But I'll tell you what we must insist upon, and we will insist upon it until it is secured that the settlement made between Grant and Lee at Appomattox, and which was afterward imbedded in the Constitution of the United States, shall be obeyed and respected in every part of this nation. More we have never asked, less we will not have. Beyond that step we have never advanced, short of it we cannot stop. Justice and right commence right there. And 'right is might and truth is God,' and we might just as well remember now that God puts no nation in supreme place God puts no nation in supreme place which will not meet the supreme duty of the hour."

The contribution for the flood sufferers at Lock Haven made at the court house meeting, was sent to H. T. Harvey, Esq., a leading attorney of that city. In response he says:

"I am requested by the mayor of our flood washed city to acknowledge your favor, and to thank you on behalf of our people for your kind remembrance of us. I also wish to express my gratification that you have press my gratification that you have thought of us in the face of the greater calamity in Johnstown. I can only describe the condition of our city by saying it is indescribable. Our great est danger now is from an epidemic, our city being covered with a layer of mud and filth that gives off a disagreeable and vile pestilential vapor. We are doing our utmost with lyeams, steam pumps, men and disinfectants to avert the danger. I had four feet of water in my office and three feet in my house, and as I was in Philadelphia with my family my furniture, etc., on the first floor was all under water. But my condition is now much better than the majority of our people. With many thanks for your kind remembrance, I am very truly yours,

H. T. HARVEY."

FOR LINCOLN'S FIRST FEE.

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln likes to tell the story of his first fee as an attorney. Old Judge Logan, under whom he read law, had always told him not to be afraid to charge big fees for his services. 'People don't respect a cheap lawyer,' said the Judge.

One day soon after Mr. Lincoln had been admitted to practice, he sat alone in his office when a messenger brought a note from the Chicago agent of one of the wealthiest insurance companies in America, asking to have the title to a certain piece of property looked up. The young lawyer spent about half an hour looking into the title and then sent his report to the insurance office. Presently the messenger came with another note. This one requested Mr. Lincoln to send his bill by the bearer. The young lawyer had no idea what to charge. At first he thought it would be a good policy not to charge anything for and he to himself: 'I should like to get that company's work regularly. But he knew Judge Logan would not approve that sort of thing and he didn't want the Judge to think that he was heedless of his advice so he figured it that, since he had worked only half an hour, $10 would be a good price, for it would at the rate of $200 for a day of ten hours. The words of Judge Logan, however, rang in his ears and with a stroke of audacity that almost frightened him, Mr. Lincoln finally made the bill for $25. He felt that this was an outrageously high fee, and was hesitating as to whether he would give it to the boy or make out another for $10 when Judge Logan chanced to come in.

'You are just the man I want to see,' said Mr. Lincoln, and he told him of his dilemma.

Judge Logan took the bill and tore it. "I knew it was outrageously high," said Mr. Lincoln, "but Judge, you always told me to make big bills and I did this more to please you than myself."

'Nonsense,' said the Judge, 'give me a pen.' He sat down, wrote another bill, and gave it to the boy.

In a few minutes the boy returned with the insurance agent's check for $250, and a little note to Mr. Lincoln thanking him for his promptness and saying the company's other work of this character would be sent to him.

'First Scott,' said the young lawyer to the old one, 'did you make out a bill for $250?'

'Of course I did, answered the old Judge, 'you don't want to be a d—d eleemosynary institution for insurance companies, do you?'—*Washington Post.*

A CHILD-FACED BAT.

The Houston correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes:

A singular freak of nature is on exhibition here at the rooms of the Natural History Club. It was brought in by a German family named Schweinfeldt, living in the suburbs of this city, who tell the following remarkable story in connection with the strange creature.

A few months ago they were aroused one night by a shrill scream of pain from their year old baby. Rushing to the cradle nothing was seen or heard but the next morning while bathing the child, the mother observed two red spots on the arm near the brachial artery looking as if they had been punctured by a needle. The arm swelled a good deal and was still very sore. In about a week the baby was found dead in its cradle and bathed in blood. The jugular vein had been bitten through.

The physician who was called in, on seeing the small but fatal wound, which consisted of a hole the size of a darning needle might have made, and hearing the history of the swelled arm immediately said that the both bites had been inflicted by a rat.

After the baby's burial the Schweinfeldts naturally determined to rid their house of the dangerous rodents and consequently traps of every fashion were [illegible] and drowned. One night, seven months after the death of the baby, a rat was heard running about its narrow prison and simultaneously the crying of a child was heard near by. The head of the family procuring a light rushed to the place whence the cries seemed to come. To his astonishment it proceeded from the rat trap in which could be plainly seen one of these animals.

Taking up the trap he examined the rat closely and was further amazed to find that the creature's face strangely resembled that of a human being, while yet it retained the characteristics of a rat. It cried piteously and so much like a hurt child as to be easily mistaken for one when out of sight.

It is the rat which is now on exhibition at the Natural History Club's room. Its eyes are somewhat large and more human looking and have more distinctive lids than are usual. The nose, however, is the most remarkable feature, being decidedly marked and prominent, with swelling nostrils. The mouth is small and has unusually able lips, but the teeth are long keen and rat like. The feet show a slight resemblance to the human hand, although the nails are curved like claws.

Dr. Fleming, President of the Natural History Club and a noted naturalist, agrees with the Schweinfeldts in thinking this must be the offspring of the rat that killed the baby and the rat that killed the baby and the rat being pheenumenon is due to her milk being formed from the child's blood, which she sucked.

THE PRIMARY ELECTION.

The following is the law regulating the holding of primary elections in this state:

Be it enacted, etc. That from and after the passage of this act it shall be lawful and it is hereby made the duties of the Judges, Inspectors or clerks or other officers of primary elections, for city, and county offices within the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, before entering upon the discharge of their duties, severally to take and subscribe the following oath or affirmation in the presence of each other:

I, A. B., do ——— that I will as judge inspector or clerk (as the case may be) at the ensuing election, impartially and faithfully perform my duties in accordance with the laws and constitution of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and I in accordance with the rules and regulations adopted by the Republican party of the county of Mckean for the governing of said primary.

The oath or affirmation shall be administered to the judge by a justice of the peace or an inspector or clerk, then he in turn to the inspector or clerk.

The usual questions as to the qualification of voters in the case of a challenge to be asked, after swearing him to make true answers.

Act of June 20th, 1881.

To Our Readers.

We beg to call your attention to the lines of the "Great and Only" Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. They now own and operate over 5,700 miles of road, extending through Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa and Missouri. It is the short line and best route from Chicago to Council Bluffs, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, and intermediate points. Their equipment is unsurpassed. Vestibuled trains, elegant day coaches, and the finest sleeping cars in the world. Meals 75 cents. If you contemplate a trip West, Northwest or Southwest of Chicago, you will make no mistake by purchasing your ticket over the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway. All ticket agents have them. Write to or call on John R. Pott, Williamsport, Pa., for rates of fair. Maps, time tables, etc., furnished free.

A Cure for Snake Bite.

The following very important letter from the pen of Dr. C. E. Early, of Ridgway, appeared in the Renovo *Record* of May 24. It is in answer to an article which had previously appeared in that paper from the London *Hospital* recommending the inoculation of the virus from other snakes for the cure of snake bites. Dr. Early's remedy may be generally known by the medical profession, but it ought to be known by every one living in countries where rattlesnakes and other poisonous reptiles exist:

Editor Record.—The above is a quotation published in your paper on the treatment of snake bite by inoculation. I deeply regret that any medical gentleman could in London or America will make such a suggestion or give any countenance to the treating of snake bites by such means as the virus from the serpent. By inoculation with the virus from the serpent directly or indirectly, need not say to the old settlers of Sinnemahoning and Bennett's Branch, particularly along the entire line of Kane's mountain, anything about the cure of snake bites. They would laugh at the idea of inoculation or use of whiskey however well some of them would like the whiskey.

My first case was on July 7, 1850. A boy bitten on finger a moccasin and carried home by his father and when I was called to see him he was in the last stages of life. His face and hands were swollen his tongue protruding from the mouth, his body covered with purple spots with the inability to swallow only with great effort. I succeeded in getting him to swallow a tablespoonful of olive oil and continued to feed him olive oil until I had given a record of twenty seven cases, all of which were cured by the free use of olive oil. I have treated many cases in that region of the country and never used anything else to give out and never failed in a single case, but by their gentle action on the bowels and liver they were restored.

Sensation Weimer, when chief engineer of the Low Grade railroad along Bennett's Branch, one time asked for an audience for on the 11th, as he had a workingmen through that country. He had recently procured a pint bottle and as he seated himself on the bench in front of the [illegible] arrived on the 5th, on Bennett's branch, between Sizerville and Galeton, where Judge Linder resided, he heard a screech and drove rapidly to the place and found the son of the man had been bitten by a rattlesnake on the hand or wrist, as he attempted to kill the snake. He at once packed the wound and made him drink freely of the olive oil, and at once the pain became quiet, relieved no more and he often related the circumstances very interestingly to any one who is not thoroughly posted on that treatment of the bites of serpents. I got my treatment from reading an old medical gentleman's work, in which he quotes the treatment of the bites in the south by medical gentlemen of the bites in the south by medical gentlemen with olive oil as a sure cure. He relates the case of a man who was bitten in the sole of the foot by a very large rattlesnake. Although very little time had elapsed before he reached the patient, his head had swollen very prodigiously and his face and neck were black. His tongue was swollen so as to protrude from his mouth his eyes as if enlarged and out of his mouth his eyes as if starting from their sockets, his senses gone and every appearance of immediate suffocation. He gave him teaspoonfuls of olive oil were gotten down but with great difficulty. The effect was almost instantaneous in 20 minutes it operated freely at both mouth and bowels, and in two hours the patient could articulate, and soon after recovered. The quantity of oil taken in terms by and applied to the wound did not exceed one pint. In the course of twelve years [illegible] Miller has met with several similar cases in which the oil has proved equally successful.

Ridgway Pa. April 13 1889.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE HOST OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

Mr. W. J. Stillman, the art critic, writes to the New York *Evening Post* that M. Hebert, director of the Academie Francaise at Rome, one of the most thoughtful of modern french painters and perhaps the best representative still living of the great poetic french school of art," says of Mr. Cole's engravings now appearing in the *Century* that 'he had never seen such work on wood, and did not suppose wood engraving to be capable of it.

As was stated in the announcement of this series, the appearance of the engravings is in chronological order. Specimens of the work of such pre Raphaelites as Cimabue, Giotto Spinello, and others have already been shown, and while the reproductions of the paintings of these artists are of the highest value to art students, the general public will be more interested in the later work, which is to include admirable specimens of the art of Perugino, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Paul Veronese Correggio, Tintoretto, and many other well known names—the masters of the world's art. Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" and "The Jeweler," Titian's "La Bella," The Man with the Gloves," and "The Entombment," Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus," and Bartolemeo's "The Salutation," are among the engravings to come.

It is said that this series of pictures is being received with great interest in Italy where are most of the originals which Mr Cole has reproduced. All of his pictures are engraved directly from the originals, Mr Cole doing his work in the galleries or churches in front of the paintings, and the great value of the series is in the absolutely faithful rendering which the engraver has given of the artists' work.

In pursuing its course of describing and illustrating the Pacific Northwest, West Shore Magazine for May reaches over into British Columbia and devotes a considerable portion of the issue to that, in many respects, remarkable city of Vancouver, the western terminus of the longest line of railway in the world, the Canadian Pacific. There are ten pages of lithographic illustrations. Corvallis and Benton county, Oregon, which are closely identified with a new transcontinental route, are also illustrated and described in this number. An interesting article on "Nomenclature of the Pacific Coast," the concluding part of "A Story of the Klamath," and much timely matter pertaining to the whole north west complete an issue of more than usual interest. Single copies 25 cents, $2 50 a year. Published by L. Samuel, Portland, Oregon.

In the fourth instalment of Charles Dudley Warner's novel, "A Little Journey in the World" in *Harper's Magazine* for July, one of the characters is made to remark to another "I've seen Coquelin." Well, that is acting, as artificial as a sonnet, the perfection of training, all in the art. You never doubt that he is performing in a play for the entertainment of an audience. You have the same enjoyment of it that you have of a picture—a picture, I mean, full of character and sentiment, not a photograph."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAYLOR'S
Air-Tight Crystal Butter Package
Preserves and keeps butter in its natural flavor for any length of time. For sale in McKean and Elk county by
6-21 tf ELAKE & WOOD, Eldred, Pa.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED at once to sell the only Authentic, Complete and Graphic
History of the Johnstown Flood.
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED
with views of all sorts connected with the terrible disaster of the mighty inundation. 10 more pages price $1 50. Liberal Terms. Thousands want it. Demand is tremendous. Send quickly 50 cents for outfit to J. W. Keeler & Co., 529 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Notice.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Straight Creek Seven Mile Creek and Five Mile Creek, in the county of Elk, have all been stocked with trout by the Fish Commissioners of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and all persons are forbidden to fish in said streams during a period of three years next ensuing the date hereof, under the penalties provided by law.
Witness my hand this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1889.
JAMES J. MCPHERSON,
Fish Warden for Elk County.

FURNITURE!
We have in some Very Fine
Parlor and Bedroom Suits
this week. All new and fresh since the flood.
We will sell you furniture cheaper (quality considered) than Bradford, Olean or Buffalo.
We Pay the Freight
to your nearest station. We also do undertaking and have the finest hearse in the county.
F. A. CARTER, - ELDRED, PA.
1-21-89-

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after Eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents. Five for $1. Sold everywhere or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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—IN—
HEADQUARTERS!
—FOR—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS.
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS
A FULL LINE OF
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
ETC., ETC.
OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."
Smethport, - Pa.
January 1, 1889.

A $60.00 Sewing Machine
FOR $14.90.

This is the "Singer Model" Machine (the original Singer patent having expired). Equal to any ever made. Superior to many. Thoroughly well made. Warranted for 5 years (signed and registered, guaranty) Beautifully finished. Walnut top and cover drop leaf, 3 drawers, 7 attachments and all necessary needles, bobbins and tools. Have others with 4 and 6 drawers and one without drawers or case for $12 75. Also another useful articles on which we can save you 25 to 60 per cent. Standard Watches at unusually close figures. Send for catalogue.
A. T. EVANS & CO., 153 State St., Chicago.
6-21 tf

Notice.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, Quarter Session, &c., at Smethport, Pa., on the 8th day of July, A. D. 1889 for the transfer of a certain license for a hotel known as the Old City House, situate on the south side of Main street, in the city of Bradford, to Non [illegible] ward of the City of Bradford, situate 108 and 108 granted to A. J. Wyman, of the first ward of Bradford City, McKean county, for the 27th day of May, A. D. 1889 to commence in force and effect on June 3d, A. D. 1889, from the aforesaid A. J. Wyman to James Sladden, hotel clerk, and Thomas Backer, wholesale delivery clerk both of the first ward of Bradford City aforesaid, McKean county, as their interest may appear.
6-14-3w Atty's for Petitioners.

Administrator's sale of Real Estate.
THE UNDERSIGNED ADMINISTRATOR of the estate of Michael McElwee, deceased, late of the township of Keating will sell at public sale on Monday the eighth day of July 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the premises the following real estate, belonging to the estate of the said decedent, situate in the township of Keating, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a beech the southwest corner of lot No. 16 of the allotment of the Bingham tract in said township of Keating; thence north 89½ degrees west, seventy three and four tenths rods more or less to the southeast corner of lot No. 19 and of lot No. 11, the northwest line of said lot No. 19 and of lot No. 11, the northwest line of said lot No. 19 and of lot No. 11 north 2½ degrees east one hundred and fifty-five and two-tenths rods more or less, to the southwest corner of lot No. 10 being the northwest corner of lot No. 11; thence by line of lot No. 10 south 89½ degrees, east seventy four and three-tenths rods, more or less, to the northwest corner of lot No. 16; thence south 2½ degrees west by line of lot No. 16 one hundred and forty six rods more or less to the place of beginning. Containing sixty two and three-tenths acres of land with the usual allowance of six per cent for roads &c. Being lot No. 18 of said Bingham allotment aforesaid and part of warrant No. 3026 having thereon a frame house and barn and orchard.
To be sold by order of court, free of the widows exemption. Terms of sale, cash on the confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.
WILLIAM HASKILL
Administrator.
June 13, 1889-3t.

THE CHINA DECORATOR!
A Monthly Magazine Devoted Exclusively to the Interests of
Professional and Amateur
CHINA DECORATORS.
Each number contains twenty pages of instruction in the art, information on all subjects relating to the manufacture and decoration of
PORCELAIN AND POTTERY,
A department on
Dining Room Furnishings, Linen, Glassware and Table Decorations.
No household can afford to be without it.
Subscription price per annum $1. Single copies, 10 cents each. Sample copy 5 cents.
The China Decorator Pub. Co.
21 University Place,
6 14 tf. NEW YORK.

Paris - Exposition
will open in Paris, France, May 5th, and close October 31st 1889.
We are now selling tickets by all the fast German and French lines of steamers sailing from New York, Boston or Baltimore, and can book passages direct to Paris or any other place in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Holland and Belgium.
We are also agents for the following English lines of Ocean Steamers. Inman, Canard, White Star, Anchor and State lines, from New York to Queenstown, Glasgow and Liverpool. Through tickets sold in connection with Ocean steamer tickets to any railroad station in the world at lowest rates.
"The American Line" is the only trans-Atlantic line sailing under the American flag weekly from Philadelphia to Queenstown and Liverpool. Passengers forwarded to Hungary, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and all other countries or parts of the globe.
We have lower rates than in New York, and can give special facilities for the Paris exposition. We will engage rooms at any prominent hotel in Europe for our passengers, if desired, and have carriages in waiting for them at Liverpool, London, Paris, Hamburg, Bremen, Lith or Gothenburg. Berths must be engaged ten days before sailing date.
Any one wishing to send to any part of Europe for their friends, write to us; we can sell you tickets to bring them to New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston or Quebec, and from there we can ticket them to any part of the United States where there is a railway station.
We are the only agency of this kind in Western Pennsylvania. All enquiries answered free. Address
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JUST RECEIVED AT
D. C. YOUNG'S.
Before going out of town to buy goods, call and examine the
RARE BARGAINS
which I have just purchased in the Metropolis for cash. Every department is crowded full of them.
Never so many useful articles as to-day on the
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Headquarters for all kinds of
House Furnishing Goods,
WALL PAPER,
CARPETS, RUGS, LACE CURTAINS AND DRAPERY, CURTAIN POLES.
WINDOW SHADES
made and put up at short notice, at lowest possible prices.
One hundred patterns of beautiful White Goods, for ladies' and children's dresses. Also fine assortment of popular
JAMESTOWN DRESS GOODS
Summer Shawls and Jackets in great variety.
Ladies' $2 00 Shoes and $3 00 Hand-turned Shoes a specialty. Agent for
GOKEY'S CELEBRATED SHOES.
Store opposite the Court House.
D. C. YOUNG.
Smethport, May 2, 1889

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BRACKETS, MOULDING, &c.
All Kinds of
DRESSED LUMBER TO ORDER
Plans and specifications for Buildings furnished on application. All work guaranteed.
C. E. GROVER,
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Of This and Neighboring Towns.
I now offer an extra quality of
Lime, - Calcined - Plaster
Washed Hair and Land Paster
for the lowest prices ever offered in this town. To those who wish to use any
CEMENT OR WATER LIME,
for walls or cellar bottoms, I wish to say that I have a large quantity of these for correspondence. These goods are stored in most long pieces. Those goods are stored in most central location for the entire neighborhood, and as I buy in large quantities, have no expense for storage or transportation from railroad, I cannot, much less will not, be undersold. Special prices offered to jobbers. Mechanics or any one wishing a large quantity, come and get or write for prices before buying elsewhere.
J. M. TRACY,
5-3-89-3m EAST SMETHPORT

BUSH & McINTOSH,
Manufacturers of
Door & Window Frames
Flooring, Siding,
Ceiling, Etc.
Sash and Blinds Furnished to Order.
CUSTOM PLANING
done on short notice.
Also manufacturers of
LEVER HANDLES, WHIFFLETREES, NECK-YOKES, AND ALL KINDS —OF TURNED WORK.—
Saws Gummed to order
Shop opposite W. N. Y. & P. depot.
East : Smethport.
v25n24y1.

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FIRST-CLASS
BUGGIES AND ROAD CARTS
at prices that will surprise you. Air Rifles $2.00. The neatest Writing Desk sent. Rubber Goods (Anchor brand) wholesale and retail. Everything in Rubber Stamp line. Printing Presses, Seal Presses, etc.
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3-29tf 43 and 45 Mechanic St., Bradford, Pa.

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HOUSE
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A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT IN ELEGANT GILT FRAME FOR ONLY TEN DOLLARS.
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BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLE 10 FREE

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Having taken the agency for the Celebrated
IVERS & POND PIANO,
of Boston, and the
STORY and CLARK ORGAN,
of Chicago, (Instruments equaled by few and excelled by no other makes, except in price) I will sell them on time and
EASY PAYMENTS,
by the month, or quarter, to suit customers. They are warranted for five years and after a trial of from three to six months, if not found to be entirely satisfactory, will be returned at the Company's expense, and
MONEY REFUNDED.
Liberal discounts on
CASH SALES.
A reasonable price allowed for old pianos in exchange for new.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND,
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Dealers in and Manufacturers of
HARNESS
OF EVERY STYLE AND CHARACTER.
Which they will sell at the
LOWEST RATES.
They also keep a full supply of
Saddles, Blankets; Whips, Etc.
Also a large and complete invoice of
TRUNKS & VALISES
Which they propose to sell at manufacturers' prices. Call and examine our stock and prices and become satisfied that it is a waste of time and money to look elsewhere for goods we sell. We are selling our goods as low as any house west of New York for quality.
GLEASON & LEMMLER.
Smethport, Pa., March 13, 1889.

MANHOOD
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!
Just published, a new edition of
Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay
on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Emissions, Impotency, Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Sexual Exhaustion, Etc.—In this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrated from a thirty years' successful practice that the alarming consequences of early error may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope to any address post-paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,
Sample of medicine free.
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Meat and Vegetable
MARKET!
—IN—
SMETHPORT
I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with
Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.
—ALSO.—
VEGETABLES
IN THEIR SEASON.
A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF
FAMILY GROCERIES
AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.
A Full Line of
CANNED GOODS
Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.
C. W. WILLIAMS.
Main Street. - - Smethport, Pa.

CANNS KIDNEY CURE.
For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Disease, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cures Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5. v25n19y1.

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2-21—3m

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Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.
They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by W. T. Cutler and S. I. Wells, Smethport, Pa.
v25n10y1

McKean County Miner

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Please notify us promptly if you do not get your paper regularly.

Keep an eye on the label and see whether you take it from the right office.

We send every man a paper every week. If you choose to pay for it in advance, or to keep paying as the months which are due roll around, well and good. If you do not, we shall continue to send it, and shall expect you to pay for it when you call for it.

Smethport, Pa., June 21, 1889. Local Editor.

LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

...stop, or ice cream."

...ck pedlers are bustling.

...ll you feel over the result?

...is the longest day of the year.

...ll be a Merry Makers" to-night.

...ckerel are beginning to bite.

...pecially smiles on every hand these ...

...Fourth of July bills are very ...

...ss in the show this evening, and ...

...y church ...

...to Smethport and celebrate with the dusky.

...An abundance of rain is far better than a flood.

...A number of marriages are predicted for the near future.

...McKean county is one of the champion cold wave ...

...At Kittredge opera house, to-night—"Merry Makers."

...Band "Between Two Walls," which ...s with the house.

...ard will indulge in some high ... next week.

...application of charcoal is said to ... city for a funeral barn.

...Ford Hyde, Executioner of the ... is out of town to-day.

...ose boys are drilling regularly ... for the glorious Fourth.

...ion day was a rather quiet affair, considering the estimating was ...

...ew on flood and pre-amendment ... Pennsylvania is a rather wet ...

...A notice is printed in another column of the Fourth of July celebration at Smethport and the attractive programme that is to be carried out.

...Ladies, remember the Ice Cream Festival at the Presbyterian church next Thursday evening.

...Mr. Frank Hyde, Executioner of the ... has been out of town to-day.

...Those boys are drilling regularly ... for the glorious Fourth.

...Monday was a rather quiet affair, considering the estimating was ...

...Low on flood and pre-amendment ... Pennsylvania is a rather wet ...

...A notice is printed in another column of the Fourth of July celebration at Smethport and the attractive programme that is to be carried out.

...Mr. Sullivan, who has been in training in Bristol, N. ..., for the coming prize encounter with Kilrain is reported to have got on a drunk last Tuesday. It is a bad report.

...Twelve and a half cent a green apple ... minute and a half, how will ... in an hour and a half?—*Harper's* ... This is not half as hard a problem as it might appear.

...A new kind of apple-tree worm has appeared in the orchards just over the New York state line, and is doing considerable damage. The worm attacks the ... form of fruit and literally eats its ...

...The unfortunate wife-basher that is ... around the streets, was indicted by the grand jury and ... in the penitentiary ... by his remarkable ...

...Every little while the question that is ... up is the appropriate name of a certain ... central eminence in the upper part of town. ... natives of the ... right to feel proud in that attitude by ... letter within the graves are ... old.

...Preparations are being made to entertain thousands on the occasion of Smethport's big Fourth of July celebration and the committee is ... to make it a splendid musical organization.

...The attention of the supervisors is ... to repair it, and about ... Smethport. We hope this thoroughfare will not ... all to before ... pendulance ...

...During the absence of Rev. J. H. ... this week, while abroad, a rubber will be ... in St. Luke's church by ... Sharpe, principal of the Smethport ...

...A canary bird was found one day ... in a ... and battered cage, ... miles at Johnstown, where it ... was ... It was relished by ...

West and North is the title of a ... monthly newspaper, published at ... It is devoted to the interests of ... orchardists and manufacturers of ...

...The sidewalks of East Smethport are ... badly in need of repair and should be ... to at once in order that our ... may present a neat appearance on ... Fourth.

...John

Spring Disorders

Universal nerves, thin pale impure blood, debilitated system, all are the natural outcome to the spring. A medicine must be used, and nothing equals Paine's celery compound. We let others opinions on your cause help believing a diabetic to cure it surely.

Dr. Cyrus Sutton, Purling, N. Y., writes: I have used Paine's Celery Compound on several occasions and always with the best results. In the spring of my wife was troubled with a very much run down and debilitated. She was induced to try Paine's Celery Compound, and after using two bottles was entirely cured. I have since used it myself with the most beneficial results. As a general tonic and nerve invigorator it is the most reliable medicine I do not hesitate to recommend it.

"I have used two bottles of your Paine's Celery Compound, and it has given entire satisfaction. It is an ingredient and will not disappoint."
T. L. SEARLES, Watertown, Dakota.

Paine's Celery Compound

Is prescribed by physicians recommended by druggists endorsed by ministers, praised by clergymen, and manufactured by the manufacturers, clergymen, and manufactured by the manufacturers, clergymen, and manufactured by the manufacturers,